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and seemed to awake a chord which re-echoed in my heart. "Yes," I cried, "come here, my trusty friend! Our kingdom is not of this world!"

So I took down the fiddle from the wall, let account-book, dressing-robe, slippers, pipes, and umbrella lie, and wandered, poor as I had come, from my house, far away upon the sunny roads.

I often looked behind me, with strangely-mingled feelings of sorrow, changing with joy as of a bird flying from his cage. And, having gone a good distance, I took out my fiddle and sang in the open air:—

"Let God break all things, with the weather;
The brook and lark and field and tree;
The heavens and earth he'll keep together,
And turn my luck to the best for me!"

The castle, the garden, and the distant towers of Vienna had disappeared behind me in the purple morning light; over my head countless larks were revelling high in the air; and so, between green hills and pleasant towns and hamlets, I went onward to Italy.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The term "masterly inactivity," ascribed to John C. Calhoun, originated with Sir James Mackintosh. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," which everybody, who did not suppose it was in the Bible, credited to Sterne, was stolen by him from George Herbert, who translated it from the French of Henry Estienne, "*Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue*." "In the midst of life we are in death" has been quoted even by divines as a scriptural phrase, whereas it is only to be found in the Book of Common Prayer. "The cups that cheer but not inebriate" was conveyed by Cowper from Bishop Berkeley, in his "Siris." Woodworth's "The child is father of the man," is traced from him to Milton, and from Milton to Sir Thomas Moore. "Like angel's visits, few and far between," is the offspring of Hood; it is not Thomas Campbell's original thought. Old John Norris (1658) originated it, and after him Robert Blair, as late as 1745. "There's a gude time coming," is Scott's phrase in "Rob Roy;" and the "almighty dollar" is Washington Irving's happy hit. We often hear quoted the line, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," and its origin is much discussed. It is by the old English poet, Nat Lee, and occurs in his play of "The Rivals." The correct reading, however, is, "When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the tug of war."

The great work of electrotyping the Bible in Arabic is now going on in New York. It is designed for circulation among 120,000,000 of people, and is the greatest work of the kind ever undertaken. More than thirty years ago it was found by Dr. Eli Smith and Mr. H. Hallock, then in Smyrna, that no font of type, in which Arabic books were then printed, suited the extremely fastidious taste of Arabs and Turks, whose own manuscripts were marvels of beauty and symmetry. Dr. Smith, having providentially obtained several of the most perfectly finished of those manuscripts, a quite successful attempt was made by Mr. Hallock to prepare type which should well compare with the beauty of the manuscript. But not satisfied with what was then done, Mr. Hallock, for the past thirty years, has been seeking a higher degree of perfection. He has at length, by great mechanical skill and unflinching perseverance, produced fonts of type so symmetrical and perfect as completely to satisfy the tastes of the Arabs and Turks, whose language and manuscripts are among the richest, most beautiful and widely circulated on the globe.

The latest Roman papers record the death of

Cardinal Resti, librarian of the Vatican. He was more than usually liberal in showing the curious and invaluable manuscripts of the Vatican, and permitting them to be collated and transcribed; but so zealous did he watch over these precious trusts, that no one was mutilated during his guardianship.

Guizot's 8th volume of Shakspeare has reached its 6th edition, and Victor Hugo's "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" is having an immense sale all over the world.

The English papers describe the Rev. William Selwyn's "Waterloo, a Song of Jubilee," as "one of the best poems of the day," and say that "the account of the battle is so graphically given, that it would as a prose work, take a stand by Sibourne, Muffling, and other writers." Such descriptions of battles must always be difficult, and only a first class genius, like Homer, can give life to lists and movements of regiments and battalions. Hitherto we have had to depend on prose descriptions for the minutiae of the battle of Waterloo, and upon Byron's verse for the poetry and the glory.

The French Academy of Sciences have recently come in possession of a very valuable work, being nothing less than D'Alembert's "*Memoire of Lagrange*," in eight volumes, given by him to Condorcet. It next passed into the hands of Biot, who gave it to Boutr, Professor of L'Ecole Polytechnique, who recently dying, sent it to the Academy of Sciences. It is the most curious and valuable in their collection.

Byron's "Don Juan," recently translated into German by Gildemeister, is said to be a most perfect rendering of a great work from one modern language to another, as admirable, in its way, as Coleridge's version of Schiller's "Piccolomini."

The valuable private library of Isaac Taylor, the author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," has been sold at auction in London. It contained the principal works of the Fathers of the Church, and a great variety of theological and classical works.

Herr Grosse, a Berlin publisher, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for insulting the French Emperor, in a novel published by him, entitled "Louis Napoleon, or the Struggle between Destiny and the Imperial Crown."

Shakspeare is being translated into Hindostanee and published at Bombay.

M. Theophile Gautier's daughter, Judith, translates from the Chinese, writes criticisms on art, and has lately married M. Catulle Mendes, a promising young French poet.

M. Emile Augier is quite happy over the fact that five thousand copies of his new comedy, "*La Contagion*," sold on the day of publication.

Jeff Davis, a few days ago, on being applied to by a photographer, declined to allow his picture to be taken, because he had changed so that his old friends would not know him. On the contrary, the artist, who has known him for a long time, said he did not think he had changed very greatly in his appearance. His voice was a very little weak, but that he did not propose to take.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie is now living in London. Her sympathies went with the South, by the defeat of which it is said her husband lost all his property. Mrs. Ritchie has been spending some time in Italy, but came to London with the resolute purpose of supporting herself by her pen. Her residence is in Kensington, not far from Thackeray's late home, in a quiet, healthful neighborhood, full of literary associations. She has been a great sufferer physically, but, in spite of this, she wonderfully retains her youth and beauty. She is very hard to work upon her literary projects.

Young Dumas has written a new book called "Clemenceau's Case, an Accused Man's Memoir." A newspaper wished to publish it in fragments, and offered an immense sum for the privilege. Dumas

refused, on the ground that the story was not a proper one for family circulation.

M. de la Chatre has taken the pains to publish seven octavo volumes and more are promised, under the frightful title, "The History of the Popes; Crimes, Murders, Poisonings, Parricides, Adulteries, and Incidents of the Roman Pontiffs, from the time of St. Peter down to our own day."

Mr. W. H. Russell, the celebrated *Times* correspondent, is writing a "History of the American War."

A SUMMER LUXURY.—The latest novelty in London is the Zephyrion or Table Punka. The "Punka," it will be remembered, was introduced into this country by Mr. Stuart, at Wallack's old theatre. It economizes labor, and very simply and very simply and effectually ventilates the warmest place of amusement. The "Zephyrion" consists of a small round box on a stand. To this a fan is fixed, and the machinery having been wound up with a key, the fan commences its action, waving backward and forward with a slow or rapid movement, according as it is registered. It can be placed upon the table beside the reader, writer, or worker, and will undoubtedly be a favorite in warm climates. Any fan can be attached.

SKETCH OF VICTOR MASSE, THE COMPOSER.

The Opera Comique, which has not been fortunate of late years, has obtained a decided success with M. Victor Massé's "*Fior d'Aliza*," although the "book" is so entirely unsuited to the stage, it was thought for some nights the opera would prove still-born. As every one of your readers is familiar with M. de Lamartine's work on which the "book" is founded, it would be fatiguing to analyse it. They may find more interest in a brief sketch of the composer who, I believe, is destined to attain very high rank in his art. Felix Marie Massé was born at Lorient. He did not receive the name Victor at baptism, but gave it to himself as likely to tell well on the play-bills. When he was nine years old he was admitted to the School of Choron, one of the most celebrated music masters seen in France this half-century. Here he remained until Choron's death, when he entered the Conservatory, joining Zimmermann's piano class. He carried off the first prize in it, and his master, seeing the promise he gave of musical talents, counseled him to study harmony and counterpoint. He did so, and in the course of a short time became a pupil of Halévy. In 1845 he wrote the music of the cantata "*Le Renégat*," and won the grand prize, which secured him a three years' residence at Rome, at the expense of the French Government. He secured, I scarcely know how—the favor of M. Perrin, the manager of the Opera Comique. As he is a brilliant talker, especially about his art, he probably secured the manager's favor by it as well as by his master's patronage. At all events upon his return from Rome, M. Perrin told him he would play any opera comique he might write. He wrote "*La Chanteuse Voilée*" (which has been repeatedly played in New Orleans) and it was brought out at the Opera Comique in 1851. The success was immense. It became instantly popular, and the composer's name was on every tongue coupled with vaticinations as flattering as those of the witches who met Macbeth. The following year he gave "*Galathée*," which was as popular as his first opera; and the same year (1852) he brought out "*Les Noces de Jeannette*," which was still more successful than its predecessors. There seemed to be no height of musical art which the young composer might not hope to scale—then came a turn of tide—he struggled in vain to command success. The public turned its back on him, though he gave "*La Fiancée du Diable*," (1854) "*Miss Fouvettte*"